ON THE

CORONATION

OF

King James II. and Queen Mary.

April 23. 1685.

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Ipſe quoq; adjuvi publica vota meis. Ovid. Triſt.

WHEN firſt the Model of this World was laid,
Darkneſs upon the Face o'th' Earth was ſpread.
The Elements no decent Order knew;
And all things through the dusky *Chaos* flew.
Till the bright Sun leapt forth with openDay,
And drove this Univerſal Shade away,
Making a Glorious PARTNER of his Light
Reflect his Beams too on the gloomy Night:
So, when this LAND, almoſt in Troubles drown'd,
Unquiet as the Sea that girts it round,
Had loſt its Light, the Beſt of Kings and Men,
(Who left this World, but to be Crown'd agen;
And found that Mercy he ſo oft had giv'n:
Too good for us, and now as fit for Heav'n.)
It ſees a glorious SUN riſe on this Day,
And with full Majeſty his Beams diſplay,
To drive this gen'ral Land Eclipſe-away.
A PRINCE, belov'd in Peace, and fear'd in War;
The Joy of Men and Heav'ns peculiar Care.
For none ſo many Tempeſts ever paſt,
T' arrive in ſuch a quiet Calm at laſt,
And take Poſſeſſion of th' Imperial Throne,
Which both his Birth and Merit makes his own.
Who for thoſe Subjects which he governs now,
So oft expos'd his Life and Intereſt too.
So oft brought Laurels to adorn that Crown,
From the Red Field, which is become his own.
All *Europe*, that his Conduct then did fear,
Doth tremble now to ſee him in this Sphere.
In which he ſhines ſo full, that he appears
More Bright and Glorious than the Crown he wears;
For all the Virtues, er'e adorn'd the Throne
Of *Engliſh* Monarchs, meet in Him alone.
As Brave and Valiant as thoſe Sons of War,
The *Iron-ſide*, *Black Prince*, and *Edwards* were.
Wiſe as that King, whoſe NAME he now doth grace;
And Pious as his Martyr'd FATHER was.
Mild and forgiving, as his injur'd BROTHER;
And wears the Native Sweetneſs of his MOTHER.
Thoſe bleſt Supporters of the Royal Race,
Whoſe ſacred Duſt lies in this hallow'd Place,
And ſet where He now riſes; wiſh to be
(T' attend this Day) cloath'd with Mortality,
That they might ſee a SON their Loyns brought forth,
Inherit both their Royal Crown and Worth,
And hear the gen'ral Joys Three Kingdoms give,
With votive Prayers to Heav'n, *He long may live.*
Next this, their wiſh wou'd be to ſee' him in part
A Crown to her, from whom he took a Heart.
The Beſt and Brighteſt of the Beauteous Train;
Whoſe Face and Mind are both without a Stain.
And ſo well knows t'oblige, as ſhe alone
Had found the way to make all Hearts her own.
Her Air ſo charming, ſo divine her Meen,
Nature took care to frame her for a Queen;
And what the bold *Italian* Muſe in Thought
Expreſt but of her Race, in her ſhe wrought.
Could ſoaring *Plato* like his Fame ſurvive
His own Rich Duſt, and be this Day alive,
He might enjoy his Wiſh; who long'd to ſee
Goodneſs and Truth cloath'd in Humanity.
If Fleſh and Blood, Virtue her ſelf might wear,
And in the Liv'ry of Mankind appear,
She wou'd in Perſon only come like Her.
If that can ne're be Copy'd to its worth,
Who ſhall the Beauty of her Mind ſet forth?
Like Him, that undertook to Picture Grief;
Finding it paſt his Skill to reach the Life:
Drew a Vail o're the Face, with leave to gueſs,
It was not in his power to expreſs;
We undeſcrib'd muſt leave the greateſt Part,
Which to expreſs, ſo far excels our Art;
And in a Cloud leave that Rich Scene of Bliſs,
To joyn and give the Nations gen'ral Wiſh.

Bleſt Royal Pair, that you may Happy prove,
Within your Thrones, as you are in your Love;
That Heav'n, if there be a Joy yet New,
Unprov'd in Empire, may deriv't on You;
And grant your Royal Bed a Son may live,
The moſt important Bleſſing Heav'n can give;
That Loyal Senates may aſſiſt your Hands,
And make you Happy, as you make theſe Lands.
And when you ſhall be ſummon'd hence by Fate,
(Too ſoon for us, but may it ſtill be late:)
That you on Earth may wear theſe Temporal Crowns
So well, to gain in Heav'n Eternal Ones.

By *F. B.* Gent.

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